THE OBSERVER.

.....

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

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THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

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FOR THE OBSERVER.

" Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is."

This apostolic precept, is worthy the attention of all men. It is fraught with the most salutary admonition, and is useful for counsel and reproof. Religious worship is a duty, imposing the obligation of obedience upon every one. It is a pleasure to the well regulated heart, superior to common delights...it is a cordial to the mind which relieves its perturbations...forgetful of the world, the cares which corrode a distempered fancy, and the troubles which heave our bosoms with agitation, we throw aside the mantle, and rise on the wings of devotion to meet our maker and our God. Our hearts are warmed with love and gratitude, and refreshed with the peaceful blessing of Heaven. Here are felicities the most ravishing, the most enchanting. The care-worn cheek of sorrow is smoothed, the troubled heart of misfortune becalmed.

Religion sheds its mildest influence, and the heart and mind is animated with the glow of love celestial. The soothing satisfaction of devotional exercise, is a blessing inestimable. A privilege, which as men and christians, we cannot too highly appreciate... It is incense to the Lord most pleasing...to man...delightful.

The meeting of friends and neighbours for religious worship, cultivates and enlivens all the social feelings ; it softens, harmonizes and improves the human heart...it extends the principles of benevolence and brotherly love...smooths the asperities of temper...polishes the roughness of disposition...refines the manners, and gives a liberality to the sentiments, which constitutes the first ornament of man.

How few, alas ! have participated in its benign effects. The reason is obvious. Indolence, the demon of society, keeps many at home ; mistaken notions of pleasure and enjoyment, lead to haunts of vice, to parties of dissipation ; instead of conducting them to the portals of Heaven.

Many who reach the place of worship, as soon as seated, with inclined head, and callous heart, pay the tribute of respect and worship to Morpheus, in preference to their indulgent parent ! Oh, shameful ingratitude. Others devote their attention to dress and fashion, eagerly searching for some new change and improve-

ment...ogle with the fair and the fair with them...calculate on schemes of pleasure, riot and debauch...plod dire revenge...build castles in the air, wild and chimerical...plan the business of the week, bestow all their thoughts on present good, and seclude the future from their regard.

And the fair, are equally visionary, their thoughts and mind are all confusion, flying from object to object; but seldom ascend to their maker. They indulge in all the wilds of romantic love, (and at the same time, are only in love with themselves.) They picture to their imagination, the most exquisite tints of pleasure, and terrestial happiness;—turn on some love-scene, anticipate the bliss of mutual attachment, the ardour of their affection, the extacy of their transports!...but should the lover be untrue and faithless, how she would pine, sicken, and die!.....The silent hearse would convey her to the tomb of forgetfulness, attended by virgin nymphs, who on their way, would weep the hapless fate of treacherous love.

The weeping willow, would at each approaching night and succeeding morn, shed over her grave, the dewy tears of heaven; and all nature mourn her departed worth. The lover stung, with "compunctious visitings," would oft fly to her receptacle, strew garlands and roses upon her turf; kneel, then embrace the mound of earth which enshrines her pallid corpse...call her by the soft names of love...but all is silence...despair seizes him...he tears his hair in anguish, his breast he beats with rage...he raves ...relentless vengeance lays hold upon him; his crimes are expiated with his death.

By this time, the exercise of the day is through. They rise and return to their habitations, delighted with a fine discourse, charmed with the elegance of diction,and display of learning and talents...their mind edified, and their hearts ameliorated with the ardor of devotion!...Instead of repeating the sermon which they have heard with so much attention, you may hear, what I could not write in a volume; and if a comment extends farther than the dress, or appearance of such a one, her bonnet, her shawl, or her modesty-piece, (unless on the sweetest of topics, *scandal*) I am much mistaken.

The golden moments of improvement, are passed unnoticed. The precious hours of youth are worse than lost...and that day devoted to the services of him, by whose indulgence alone we breathe the vital air, is trifled away, regardless of to-morrow's fate.

An attendance on public worship, with the mind and heart properly directed, affords an opportunity to perform those duties, which we owe to God, in a manner to him most pleasing. For he asserts "that where two or three are gathered together in his name, he will be in the midst of, and bless them." Aside from this, our faculties may be enlarged, and our minds expanded and improved. The precepts there taught (in the language of

the American *Swift*) are calculated to prepare man for the future world; but in doing this they instruct him in the duties he owes to mankind...They teach him to restrain his vicious propensities, by considerations the most powerful. They impress upon his mind the principles, and form the habits of virtue....They lead him to think and reflect, upon the most important duties of life.... They accustom the mind to useful researches, and serious contemplation, and point out the necessity of regularity in society, and subordination in government. Therefore, "forsake not the assembling of yourselves together."...And do it in a manner acceptable to your God. CLIO.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

The sayings and opinions of John Fairly, now Gent. formerly Esq.

"You are one of the querest fellows Jack," always was the remark of my friend Ned, when I said any thing that amused him—and Ned was right—indeed he was—for he would flatter nobody—no, not even me, his friend, for all the favours and honours an emperor could bestow.—But you never knew him—so what is the use of telling you about him—and if you did know him there would be less use in telling you, when every virtue would shew itself in such plain colours before your eyes, that even prejudice would yield the palm to conviction.—He was a man ill suited for the society of this world—honest and well spoken—he imagined evil to none—he wished good will of all.—But with all his goodness of heart he was unfortunate—"even to a proverb."—Yes, and will you believe me, most of his misfortunes arose from love—Ned's heart was so susceptible, that every grace which smiled upon a female face was an arrow in his side—I have known him in love with one in every corner of the town, and always the last he saw was the most beautiful till some other's presence would obliterate the traces which the former had made—and he was so modest that he would sooner pine whole centuries at the side of his mistress, than tell her, or even willlingly let her imagine he was in love—when I would expostulate with him on such conduct—"Oh Jack," he would say, "how can I bear a frown, much more a dismissal...she does not love me enough for a husband, and I enjoy too much pleasure in her company as a companion to risk it for the precarious chance of having her as a wife."—Poor Ned—he was too good for this world.

Well, well, have patience Mistress Beatrice, and gentle reader—when I sat down to scrawl this epistle, I had no intention of pourtraying Ned's character, but the mention of his name involuntarily led me into it. So sweet is the illusion of fancy, that I could write forever of his virtues, and think I was enjoying supreme happiness; as much as I did, whilst the wit that emblazoned and the energy that gave force to every expression of his was still in action.

I mean merely to give my opinion, which to you and all the world, if the world ever knows, it is of little consequence...but I will give it.....To you.....

THE ESSAY.

" Plant daggers in their hearts aud aggravate
" Their other griefs."

When I enter a mixed company of young and old, and see the different passions that work upon the mind of each individual in it, I cannot help looking back to the home I left, to enjoy the great variety of follies abroad.. A home, where, with a friend and a bottle, I could have passed my hours far more agreeably...or with a favourite book, have tasted the sweets of study, without bitter remorse or the canker of disease. But all men are in some things fools, and he's the greatest that has sense enough to know it, and not sufficient fortitude to withstand the temptation of folly...I perfectly agree with a reverend minister, that young people should seek rational amusements, in order to pass their time in innocence and be agreeable to one another...for such association promotes harmony among mankind. It is the old and decrepit like myself, that I hate to see pushing, with as little wit as prudence, into all the follies of fashionable life. They are even to themselves burdensome, and to all the company disagreeable. Their presence checks the natural bent of youthful vivacity, because youth, if amiable, is always timid, and before persons of age and experience, either too diffident to express opinions of their own, or too reverential to make the hoary head subservient to the force of wit or the arrows of ridicule. But there are some exceptions...and therefore, I do not in the least wonder, when I hear old people talk of the bad behaviour of the youth of the present day, whilst in company, for they in some measure deserve all the ill treatment they receive...they hunt *folly in youth*, as they term it, to its hiding place; sip, too, of its delectable draught...they were intoxicated with the *idea* of enjoyment, and sicken at not having it realised. They find, when they visit those scenes where pleasure abounded, the charm dissipates, and their own ridiculous situation, instead of being agreeable or productive of pleasure, serves only to remind them that they are the truest epitomes of folly, and that to seek amusement where their age, and manners are in no wise correspondent with the society they must mix with, is but " vanity and vexation of spirit."—I have frequently been at parties where these pests to conviviality were, and as one of them have been ashamed of myself...I have seen the modest youth, slightly press the hand and whisper in the ear of his mistress, and the blush that suffused his cheek when his eye caught mine convinced me that I checked the hilarity of the place, and under such conviction have felt the keenest remorse. It is true there are some young men so impudently bold that no place or the presence of any one can

impede the *ardour* of their *politeness* and *attentions* to the fair, but they shall be noticed again, the object of this essay being only to shew the old a plain mirror, where they may see themselves without spectacles. It may be said I have spoken through prejudice, but I assert that experience has taught me the truth of every sentence ; and although I have often, in pursuit of pleasure, tasted the bitter cup of disappointment, and like a child, angered because it was not sweetened, I still frequently pursue the thorny path...and this very essay is the effect of late chagrin and consequent reflections. L. S.

For the Observer.

PROGRESS OF VICE.

When congress sat in Baltimore in January 1777, this town preserved good order and police without the aid of one magistrate, as the following resolution of that body will sufficiently show.

" Resolved, that the committee lately appointed to hear appeals be empowered to take the deposition of Capt. Coffin, who is obliged to go to sea this evening ; there being *no magistrate in this town* to take his deposition."

There is another fact which goes still farther to prove the good morals of the inhabitants of this town during the days of our revolution ; we had at the time mentioned, or rather earlier than 1777, but one solitary lawyer, and he, poor man, went off to the enemy. He has universally been highly censured as a tory for that act. But may we not now attribute so desperate a step to a different cause ? certainly. Pray who ever hesrd of any *one* of these gentry thriving by himself ? No—no—that class appears to be of both sexes, for they encrease and multiply wherever there is a plurality of them.

At that period our population was from 6 to 8000 souls...it may now amount to six times as many—say 40,000

What is our present situation ? are we a month, a week, nay are we a day in the year without a court of some kind setting for the correction of some vice, civil or criminal—and yet are dockets constantly full ! how is this dreadful change to be accounted for ? how ? pray how many of the profession does this town at present contain ? not less, I believe, than 45, and we may reckon at least 32 magistrates. Whether this be giving the cause or effect of the evil, let the candid judge—but it appears to me, that if there were no spiders in my house, we should not be so much plagued with cob-webs.

AN ANNIVERSARY ORATION ON QUARANTINES.

(Concluded from p. 221.)

As to Dr. Mead's practical rules and directions on the subject of quarantine, he candidly acknowledges that they are de-

rived entirely from the practices long pursued in the south of Europe. He does not even attempt the suggestion of a single improvement, as to the mode of preventing the introduction of pestilence from foreign places. He has, indeed, left both the business of quarantine and the doctrine of contagion precisely as he found them, except that he impressed the errors which he had himself imbibed respecting them, more deeply than before on the minds of his countrymen. For, possessed as he was of eloquence, ingenuity, and address, and sanctioned in his efforts by national and royal patronage, he spoke and wrote with the weight of an oracle. Such was, for a time, his ascendency over the public mind, that it was deemed a kind of medical heresy to dissent from his opinions. I fear that, even at the present day, the sentiments of Dr. Meade, respecting pestilential contagion, have a secret yet powerful influence over the minds of many physicians, both in England and the United States. Had he never written on contagion and quarantines, error on these subjects, would never have been able to boast such a widely extended and such a protracted reign.

From the time of Dr. Meade till within the last thirteen years, but little attention was bestowed on the business of quarantines. The cities of Europe remained free from pestilence, and no event took place to bring the subject into notice. In consequence of this, the principles and practices long established in these institutions, continued in use without question and without alteration. Lazarettoes and systems of quarantine were the only institutions bearing any relation to science, which had been handed down from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, without having undergone either revision or amendment. They were still, therefore, deeply tinctured with the superstition and semi-barbarism of the age in which they were founded.

It came at length to the turn of the United States to figure in the great drama of contagion and quarantine. Her part was a tragical one; and it must be confessed that she has performed it with such effect, as to overwhelm both science and humanity in tears.

The pestilence appeared first in the city of New-York in the year 1792. But as it was confined within narrow limits, and produced but little mortality, it did not become an object of much public notice or solicitude. In the year 1793, the same disease, but very different in violence and malignity, broke out and raged in the city of Philadelphia. The sudden and great mortality which it occasioned, and the unprecedented rapidity with which it spread among the inhabitants, struck both the city and the country with the utmost consternation. Even the most distant parts of the United States, seemed at first to tremble for their safety. The disease was admitted by every one to be highly contagious, and was very generally believed to have been introduced into Philadelphia by a sickly vessel from the

island of St. Domingo. This belief, which, without the slightest examination into circumstances, was hastily adopted, and propagated with a kind of apostolic zeal, has proved a source of the most grievous misfortune to the commerce and prosperity of our city.

To the honour of our country, however this opinion was not universal. When the pestilence appeared in Philadalphia in the year 1793, Dr. Rush, supported by a few other physicians, boldly declared it to have originated from local and domestic causes. But, like the still, small whispers of conscience amid the boisterous uproar of the passions, the voice of these interpreters of nature was drowned at the time by the loud and general cry of "*importation from abroad!*" Accordingly, systems of quarantine, founded on a presumption of such importation, were soon afterwards established at Philadelphia, New-York, Baltimore, and other commercial cities of the union. They were directed particularly against vessels arriving from the West-India islands, which were regarded, if not as the birth-place, at least, as the nursery of the evil which such systems were intended to prevent. These establishments were nothing more than mere copies of similar institutions in the old world. Indeed as they were erected in great haste, and under the direction of men who had never before reflected on the subject, they could not be expected to assume an approved form. Nothing in their organization bespoke either the superintendance of sound reason, or an acquaintance with nature. They appeared in all their departments to be the offspring of mere chance, or something more systematically erroneous. Directed exclusively against *contagion* supposed to be in some way attached to vessels arriving from toprical climates, they paid at first no regard to the real *cleanliness* of the vessels themselves. Filth of every description appeared to be regarded by their framers, as an innocent article. This was more particularly the case with respect to the system of quarantine established in the port of Philadelphia.

The insufficiency of these establishments for answering the end proposed, was soon discovered in every quarter. Notwithstanding the strictness with which the measures they enjoined were executed, the pestilence appeared repeatedly in most of our large commercial cities as well as in various inland places. This produced frequent changes and modifications in our systems of quarantine, which it would be alike impracticable and useless to specify. They had all the appearance of mere experiments made by undiscerning men, without any established principles to direct them. Unfortunately for the importers of pestilence, the result of each succeeding experiment proved unlike unfavourable to their opinions and expectations. Notwithstanding this, the establishment was still kept up, and the confidence of many in the efficacy of quarantines remained unshaken. The

perpetual cry of these characters was, " Let our quarantines be so strict and rigid in principle, and so faithfully executed as to suspend all intercourse with the West-Indies and other tropical climates, during the summer and autumnal months, and the calamity of pestilence will cease to afflict us."

For the Observer.

REMARKS ON QUARANTINES,

SUGGESTED BY DR. CALDWELL'S ORATION.

The subject of quarantines is so interesting to every part of the commercial world, and indeed to society at large, that a communication of the sentiments and facts contained in the ingenious oration referred to, cannot fail to have attracted the attention of many of the readers of this paper. It was on this account that the parts of it have appeared which were deemed most worthy of notice. In the perusal of what has been advanced some thoughts have occurred which may possibly contribute to render the advantages deriveable from quarantines still more questionable.

Epidemics are invariably a scourge which fill the heart with terror. It is therefore very natural for the mind to resort to every device that can promise even an alleviation of so dreadful an evil. Quarantines, and interdicts of communication were, and still are relied upon for effecting so desireable a purpose. Dr. Caldwell, and many others have demonstrated from the most authentic experience that where the epidemic principle became general, no means hitherto adopted have had any influence in arresting its progress. It may not perhaps be difficult to shew, from the nature of that principle, in so far as we are capable of comprehending it, that no such means can ever prove adequate to the end in view. If then it should appear, as well from internal as external evidence, that all the restrictions hitherto imposed have not in any degree remedied the evil, as we also well know, and many of us poignantly feel that they greatly enhance the miseries which are the concomitants of such direful visitations, they ought, assuredly to be abandoned.

In order to prove what is so important to be ascertained, the inutility of the means hitherto adapted for restraining the progress of epidemics, or pestilential fevers, I shall endeavour to maintain two positions.

First, that from the nature of the principle in which they originate, we must be incapable of discovering any method by which their propagation can be obviated.

And secondly, that although they are productive of partial evil, they are of the most essential benefit.

The first object for consideration is the impractibility of attaining the object in view, viz. restraining the progress of epidemics, by the means hitherto adopted.

It will, I presume, be readily conceded, that in general, wherever we aim at accomplishing an object by sensible means, that object should be cognizable by our senses. Is the principle on which epidemics depend cognizable by our senses? The all-wise and beneficent author of our existence has not exercised such wanton cruelty towards us as to render the cause of such dreadful calamities either visible or tangible; discoverable by any of our senses. Were it so, how much more horrible would be its approach and attack? This is therefore, commensurable with infinite wisdom and infinite goodness, completely concealed from our knowledge. If we are ignorant whether it proceeds from the bowels of the earth, from the waters which cover it, or the air by which it is enveloped, how can such futile means as quarantines or cordons impede its progress. He who has willed that it should come into existence has not certainly put it in our power to defeat his design. We are not made insensible of epidemic origin to render us incapable of obviating its effects, but in mercy to deliver us from the horrors of its approach and assault. From the obvious nature of the cause then, we may be certain that quarantines, cordons or any other restrictions can have no effect in impeding its progress.

The second position is that although epidemics are a partial, and certainly often a very dreadful evil, yet they are essentially a general benefit.

There is a principle of fecundity imparted to every thing that lives, that is continually pressing upon the means of subsistence. Man is not exempted from this general law of nature.

It has been stated by Webster in his history of epidemics that in the two last centuries, according to the most authentic obituaries extant, forty three millions, seventy five thousand, five hundred and ninety seven persons have died by disease, we cannot suppose this calculation to be accurate, by many thousands. To these we must add the crowds that have fallen in war. Now had all of these, except those that exceeded seventy years of age, remained in existence, and the increase of which they might have been productive, what would be the state of population in these countries at this day? could the earth, or the animals that are appropriated as food for man have supplied them with subsistence. It could not have been possible. Suppose in this city of Baltimore, all that have been born in the last ten years old, and all that have come into it from foreign or other parts of the world, or were in it at that epoch, and not yet seventy years, were still alive, what would our population be at the present day? more than the mind, accustomed to take a superficial view of things would be disposed to conceive. It may be safely asserted that even in this widely extensive country, where so much of the soil has been hitherto devoid of human culture, were one century to elapse, without any decrease of population, more than

by the death of those who have reached the age of seventy years, no individual could be spared from labour. It would require the manual exertions of the whole to provide for the whole the indispensible necessaries of life. Luxuries must not be thought of, a bare existence would be the summit of human attainment. If this were to obtain in only one age, it must of course follow that in the course of even a very few ages the whole world would be incapable of maintaining the multitude of its human inhabitants. As then premature death, and epidemics as a mean of procuring it, are indispensably necesssary to the conservation of human existence, our sole object should be to exert every power of the mind to alleviate, not vainly to attempt obviating so necessary an evil. It is very certain that the means employed for restraining the excess of human fecundity, if not limited, would go to its extermination. I shall offer some thoughts on the means with which we are furnished for contributing to this limit, and of lessening the miseries which we are thus doomed to endure. J. C.

(To be Continued.)

POLITICAL.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Crimination of all the Powers of Europe.

FRANCE....*(Continued.)*

On the other hand, the Abbé Fauchet (1) and Poupard de Beaubourg, (2) who provoked and conducted the people to the taking of the Bastile the 14th of July, 1789, and who incited them to lead the King and Queen prisoners from Versailles to Paris, the 6th of October following, after having occasioned several of their faithful body guards to be massacred; were they not led to the scaffold in 1793, to the sound of the Carmagnole, which they themselves had been the first to sing?

Camille Desmoulins who had first set up the tricoloured cockade at the Palais Royal; he who had made the Parisians take it, and who in his enthusiasm had prophecied that it would *go round the world*; Camille Desmoulins was delivered to the executioner four years after in the square of liberty, by these people, ever machines in the hands of their demagogues, and who never fail, to destroy their idols.

Barnave experienced the same fate, after having prostituted his eloquence to establish the liberty of the negroes, when he cried out, *perish the colonies, rather than yield a single principle!* And after all France had rung with his well known and shocking exclamation, on the burning of the castles and massacre of the royalists, *Is it then blood so pure that we ought to be precious of it?*

The famous minister Rabaud de St. Etienne, was not more fortunate than the court against which he had armed all the protestants of the south of France, (3) and the same hands mingled his blood with that of the Roman Priests whom he had wanted

to subject to *the civil constitution of the Clergy,* which visionary scheme he had conceived in 1791, in conjunction with M. de Talleyrand, then Bishop of Autun.

The Duke of Orleans had built and rented out the ever abominable *Palais Royal,* to be the hot bed of all the revolutionary movements, and like another Sodom, the receptacle of every vice. This monster of baseness and ingratitude, of whom Mirabeau had formerly and so justly said, that *he exhaled vice*...this wretch after having prostituted his dignity and set shame at defiance, to take the ridiculous name of *Egalité,* in reward of having had his relation, the Princess de Lamballe cut in pieces, at the time of the *Septembrisages,* and of having voted the death of the upright Louis XVI; Philip Egalité, fell himself beneath the iron, under which he *had pushed the sacred head of his king!* Without doubt, it must have been a moment of poignant and cruel anguish to his soul, when in going in a cart to the place of execution, with his hands bound behind him, he passed before the colonnade of the palace he had dishonored, and where he had nurtured so many furies; and that he was there overwhelmed with the hisses and imprecations of this execrable populace, whom he had so long a time held in pay for the purpose of harrassing and torturing the unfortunate royal family during four years, and of delivering over France to all the horrors of a rebellion. (4)

Rolland, minister of the interior, who in 1792, had had the singing of *du domine salvum fac regem,* (God save the King) and all the public prayers which had been said in the churches, time immemorial, for the Kings, suppressed, was obliged to put an end to himself to escape the scaffold.

Brissot (5) and all the faction called *Brissotins,* perished also in a body by the hands of their former accomplices, after having turned the heads of the people, to make them overthrow all the protecting laws of the land! The abominable Mayor of Paris, who publicly boasted having provoked the insurrection of the 10th of August, 1792, of which he had then accused the King, that he might accomplish having him condemned to death; *Petion* whom his satellites had proclaimed *the virtuous,* when he had it decreed that his country was in danger; this Petion whose name was thus written on the hats of all the volunteers, *Petion or death!* was he not found half devoured by the dogs, on the heaths of Gascony?

Ruhl, commissary of the Convention in Rheims, sent to take possession of the rich treasures of the Cathedral and Abbey St. Remy. He destroyed the ancient monument so well known in modern history under the name of *Sainte Ampoule,* in which was kept the oil used for anointing the Kings. Already he had written to the Convention, that he *had made this viol crack under his nail like a vile insect;* adding to this figure of rhetoric, so worthy of a Sansculotte, other phrases as impious as vulgar, when he was suddenly arrested without any known reason, and blew out his brains.

Gobel, *constitutional* bishop of Paris, had sent and insulted and beaten the men, and whipt the women in a most infamous manner who frequented the non-conformist churches. In order to retain the seat which he had usurped and disgraced, he adapted the scriptures and principles of morality, to the caprices of the different clubs; his head decorated with the *bonnet rouge*; in the sanctuary of his cathedral, which had been transformed into the temple of *the Supreme Being*, he danced with *public women*, who were called the *goddesses of reason;* and after this vile renegado had solemnly apostatized at the bar of the Convention, with three bishops, two constitutional curates, and his vicar's general, it was suddenly learnt that he had been guillotined as *impious and immoral*, not by the intolerant tribunal of the holy inquisition, but...by the REGENERATED tribunal of Robespierre!!

Do we not also know the fate of the ferocious Danton; the capuchin Cabot; the furious Chaumette, and his worthy predecessor Manuel, both attorney generals of the city council of Paris, and every one of them so celebrated for their blasphemies and their cruelty...Can we forget the fate of Hebert, author of the shocking paper entitled *Le Pere Duchène*, which was so deeply injurious to the minds of the people! the scaffold, which they had rendered permanent received them; and Manuel before his execution, had one of his eyes put out, and several of his limbs dislocated, by the populace of a little town in the neighbourhood of Paris. Collot d'Herbois, this merry Andrew, who caused so many thousands of Lyonese to be put to death; who conjointly with the immortal *Fouché*, (I say immortal, because infamy as well as glory, leads to immortality) he who compelled women expiring with anguish, to dig the graves of the victims they had chosen amongst their husbands and those most dear to them.....who had burned and demolished the city of Lyons, because he had been formerly hissed, when performing on the mountebank stage of that city; this atrocious villain, at present transported to Cayenne, is devoured with rage, to find that his accomplices make him a crime of those iniquities the fruit of which they gather, and which procure for them the purple at least, for a time, and the genuflexions of the whole universe.

Billaud-Varennes, the great mover of the Convention, who so cruelly alluded to the motion of the hatchet of the guillotine, and the product of the confiscations which followed it, when he said that *the guillotine struck money on the place de la revolution*, where every day from thirty to eighty proscribed persons were slaughtered; this Billaud-Varennes died, during his transportation to Cayenne.

Certainly it is impossible not to acknowledge a retribution in the fall of Robespierre, when we consider with what rapidity this tyrant passed from the most absolute power to the hands of the executioner; because at the time that he was put to death, fifty days had not elapsed since the people had offered him in-

cense on the *Altar of the Supreme Being,* in the midst of the acclamations of 500,000 souls, who had a long time before, given him the title of *incorruptible.* His jaw fractured by a pistol shot, by which he had vainly attempted to escape the scaffold; having seen his brother precipitate himself from a window; overwhelmed with invectives and vociferations; often covered with filth and pelted with stones, during his removal from his prison to the place of his execution. Such was the termination of his horrible career. He was very soon followed by 40 more tygers with human faces, who composed the municipality of Paris.

The execrable inhumanities of Carrier who drowned the priests and gathered so much applause for his *republican marriages* of the Loire, (6) are well known...,the convention ordered him to execution.

At the same time priest Joseph le Bon, was also condemned to death, for having decimated the town of Arras, and all Artois. He had constantly a little guillotine on his table before him, and after having made use of terror as a means of gratifying his lubricity, dishonoured the unfortunate women who came to solicit for their relatives, and then sent them immediately to execution with them, proclaiming their dishonour ! ! !

(To be continued.)

NOTES.

(1) The Abbe Fauchet, formerly preacher to the King, became afterwards Constitutional Bishop to the department of Calvados; the same who had said in the pulpit, *Jesus was a true sansculotte!* He was conducted to the guillotine, having under his eyes all the way, the corpse of the deputy, *Valaze,* who had stabbed himself in quitting the tribunal, where twenty-one deputies of the Convention had been condemned to death at the same time. This Fauchet, and the Marquis de Sillery, obtained permission to be accompanied to the scaffold by two Priests.

(2) Poupard de Beaubourg, was an officer of dragoons, a man of great wit; and who disguised himself as a woman, to stir up the fish-women of Paris, at the time the Orleans faction went to Versailles, to seize the royal family.

(3) The massacres of the Catholics, in Quercy, Guyenne, Languedoc, and Nismes, were its consequences.

(4) It may be remarked as a singular circumstance, that three Dukes of Orleans perished tragically in the month of November....The 23d of November, 1407, a duke of Orleans was assassinated at Paris, by order of the Duke de Bourgogne....The 22d of Nov. 1723, the Duke of Orleans, regent of France during the minority of Louis the XV. died suddenly at St. Cloud, supposed, according to general opinion, to have poisoned himself. And it was the 5th of November, 1793, that *Egalite* was guillotined, to solace as it were, indignant humanity !

(5) The same who visited this Country in 1788, and who published a work in 3 vols. 8vo. entitled,

"*Nouveau voyage dans les etats unis.*"

(6) This monster and his associates, had the prisoners of both sexes who were taken in the war of la Vendee, bound together naked, and thrown into the Loire ! ! ! !

VARIETY.

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

The 18th of April, 515 years before Christ, was celebrated the dedication of the new Temple of Jerusalem, which had been rebuilt by Nehemiah, Esdras and Zorobabel. It remained until the time of Herod, who after it had existed 500 years, substituted for it that which Titus burnt in the year 70.

The 18th & 19th of April, 1775, Gen. Gage having ordered a part of the British troops to march against Concord, for the purpose of destroying the military magazines which the insurgents formed there, his detachment was met, attacked and harrassed by the American militia, near *Lexington*, where for the first time blood flowed in the cause of the independence of the United States.

FROM BACON'S SHORT RULES FOR CONVERSATION.

To have common places of discourse, and to want variety, is odious to the hearers, and shews a shallowness of thought : 'tis therefore good to vary, and suit speeches to the present occasions, as also to hold a moderation in all discourse, especially of religion, the state, great persons, important business, poverty, or any thing deserving pity.

GONDOMAR AND LORD BACON.

When his Lordship was newly advanced to the great seal, *Gondomar* came to visit him. My Lord said, he was to thank God and the king for that honour ; but yet, so he might be rid of the burthen, he could very willingly forego the honor....., and that he formerly desired, and the same continued with him still, to lead a private life.....*Gondomar* answered ; he would tell him a tale of an old rat, that would needs leave the world ; and acquainted the young rats that he would retire into his hole, and spend his days solitary, and enjoy no more comfort ; and commanded them upon his displeasure, not to offer to come to him. They forbore two or three days : at last, one more hardy than the rest, incited some of his fellows to go along with him, and he would venture to see how his father did ; for he might be dead ; they went in, and found the old rat sitting in the midst of a rich *Parmezan* cheese.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

By some unaccountable accident, the very excellent Essay which fills our first pages to-day, had escaped our attention.. We beg CLIO to accept our apoligies for having so long neglected it, and intreat him to favour us with further communications.

We have likewise to ask the indulgence of ADOLASCENES, and to solicit his future correspondence.

The lucubrations of L. S. we have published, not, we must confess, for the merit which the present Essay possesses, but because we believe this author to be capable of writing much better, and therefore hope for more valuable communications.

P. will readily believe, that Mistress Beatrice was, in no small degree, pleased and gratified by his lines...but he must allow modesty to plead her excuse for not inserting them...he must not, however, refuse her the pleasure of embellishing The Observer with his *wit*, when it sparkles on some other object.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Observer.

THOUGHTS ON DISSIPATION.

Thou fascinating fiend ! fell source of woe
To all thy vot'ries ! dissipation ! thou
Shalt be my theme! Thy syren blandishments
Full well I know ; and knowing, that they lead
Thy hapless captives, thro' the gloomy cave,
Of black remorse, to desperation's brink :
I'll pluck the vizar from thy face deform'd,
And shew thee guileful, treach'rous as thou art.
Oh ! that the volatile, the giddy throng,
That deck'd in levity's light livery, dance
With step fantastic, life's delusive round,
And, daily, hourly, own thy influence,
Would on the picture gaze, the mystic charm
Dissolve, and from thy durance vile, be free.
Unwise, as graceless ! did'st thou but infuse
One drop Lethean in the Circean cup,
'Twould palliate then thy power: but the prey
Allur'd from reason by thy arts, when soon
The scorpion's sting is felt for promis'd bliss,
Will oft revolt indignant, from thy sway,
And seek for solace in the paths of peace.
'Twere well if all, this movement retrogade
Would happ'ly chuse. For who can paint the ills
That spring from thee, where thy ascendance reigns,
The loss of health, of fortune, fame and life,
Are fearful items in the black account :
Yet other interests no less dear, are cross'd.
The sweet domestic comforts, and the bliss
That should on Hymen's favor'd fav'rites wait,
How oft, by thy illusions are allay'd ?
How oft, the gambling groupes compos'd of those
Whose age, and sex, and rank, cry out forbear,
Their frequent vigils keep ? and noxious gleam
Like Boreal lights, illumining the path
Of ruthless ruin to their rising race.
How oft, the parent's fondest hopes are crush'd
By thy malignant influence ? The grave
Of talents, honor, peace and every good.
And, yet, alas ! thou'rt falsely, pleasure called !

The near ally of misery, called joy !
Delusion strange ! but not less strange than true !
Fashion, thy sponsor sanctions still the cheat,
And, Man, submissive, bends to the decree.
Pleasure, the solace of our pilgrimage
Amid this world of woe, should to be priz'd,
Be pure, and virtuous, innocent; and bear
The test of calm reflection's scrutiny.
'Tis this that life enlivens. But thy slaves,
In face and form, in head and heart corrupt,
Seek not to taste of this enlivening spring,
But to their lawless passions give the rein,
And slake the thirst of an immortal soul
In sense and vanity's polluting streams.
Oh ! grant me Heaven ! exemption from this lot !
" Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace and virtue, pure,
Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss." P. N.

For the Observer.

TO CELIA.

Say, Celia, since your eyes beheld me,
From honour have I ever strayed ?
Then look with pity, deign to hear me,
O kill me not, hard hearted maid.

To Celia all my time's devoted,
Celia's always in my mind,
All her looks with care I've noted,
One look of love I ne'er could find.

Say why this coldness lovely creature,
I ne'er have given cause to hate,
Then deign to smile, one smiling feature,
My hopeles pains would soon abate. PHILARETES.

SELECTED.

EPIGRAM.

On the death of an insolvent lawyer.

Without *effects* dies Nolo pros,
How happens this, cries Hal, and pauses—
His palm no fees were known to cross
Effects can only spring from *causes.*

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